

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.

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and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.
President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal—Professor MACFARREN, Mus. D. Cantab.

The LENT TERM will commence on MONDAY, the 17th inst., and will terminate on Saturday, the 15th of April.
Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution at Eleven o'clock on Thursday, the 18th inst.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
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In order to encourage English Musicians in the composition of the higher class of Symphonic Works, a sum of money has been placed in the hands of the Musical Director, in order that a Competition may be instituted, similar to those held in Germany, France, Belgium, &c.
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By Order.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

THE FIRST EVENING BALLAD CONCERT, St JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mme Sherrington, Mme Edith Wynne, Mme Patey, Mrs Osborne Williams, and the Sisters Rada; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foll, and Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—Mr W. R. Nicholson. The London Vocal Union (from St Paul's), under the direction of Mr Walker. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr MEYER LUTZ. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets to admit four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 3s. and 2s.; gallery and orchestra, One Shilling; to be had of Austin, St James's Hall; Roomey & Co., 295, Regent Street; and of the usual Agents.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. TENTH SEASON, 1876. The Prospectus will be issued on the 1st of February next. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising Artists to appear in public. For full particulars, apply to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR REDFERN HOLLINS will sing ASCHER's popular Song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" This Day, at Merthyr Tydfil; and at Aberdare, January 11th.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will make her First Appearance at the London Ballad Concerts, St James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, the 19th inst., when she will play THALBERG's "ANDANTE" in D flat and COWEN's "TROISIEME VALSE CAPRIOLE."

"I NAVIGANTI."

MDLLE RISARELLI, SIGNOR PALADINI, and SIGNOR DEL PUENTE will sing BANDELLER's admired Trio, "I MARINARI" ("THE MARINERS"), at every Concert given during their Provincial Tour.

"THE GLADIATOR."

MR THURLEY BEALE will sing C. E. TINNEY's new Song, "THE GLADIATOR," Jan. 11th, Homel Hempstead; 17th, Hampstead; 26th, Royston; and at Mr C. E. Tinney's Concert, at the Athenaeum, Camden Road, Jan. 28th, 1876.

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The wild, white rose.

A boatman's life for me.

My Lily.

Sing, dearest, sing.

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The Alpine Hunter.

Heavenly Voices.

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MDME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY, for the training of Professional Vocalists (Ladies only). The Classes will be resumed on MONDAY, January 17th. Mdme SAINTON receives Candidates for admission on TUESDAYS, between Three and Four o'clock, at her residence, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W., where all communications relative to the Engagement of her Pupils for Lessons, Concerts, Oratorios, &c., should be addressed. Prospectuses can be obtained of Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, W.

M. and **MDME SAINTON** beg to announce that their MEETINGS for the practice of VOCAL CONCERTED MUSIC will commence on MONDAY, February 7th. Particulars as above.

MDME ANTOINETTE STERLING begs to announce that she will be detained in New York by Engagements there until Christmas, and cannot return to London until early in January. In the meanwhile, all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS after that time addressed to her at her residence, 9, St George's Square, Belgravia, W., will receive immediate attention.

MR GILBERT H. BETJEMANN, having returned to Town, begs that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS and Teaching may be addressed to Chester Lodge, Park Village East, N.W.

MDLLE BAUERMEISTER, of Her Majesty's Opera, is at liberty (by permission of Mr Mapleson) to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts or Oratorios till the 23rd of February. All communications to be addressed to Mr W. L. BROADEBILT, Secretary, 1, Pall Mall.

MISS MANETTI can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio or Concerts, and requests all communications to be addressed to 11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

M. NIEDZIELSKI, having just finished several Provincial Engagements, the most recent of which was at Brighton, where he was enthusiastically received, can now accept ENGAGEMENTS, singly, or with his Vocal and Instrumental Concert Party, in London or the Country. The *Cockney Standard* says: "The great Polish violinist, M. Niedzielski, cannot be too highly praised. Suffice it to say that his marvellous execution upon the violin evoked deserved and enthusiastic applause, the performer being brought before the foot-lights again and again." He has also been as highly praised by foreign and London journals. Address, Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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THE KENNEDYS IN AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 11.)

Strange to say, we were not disappointed, as most people are, when the Falls first came into view. Of course they looked at first just like the vivification of the endless pictures you have seen of them. They feel like old acquaintances. We were quite unprepared, though, to see the clouds of steaming spray that almost obscured the whole face of both cataracts. You require no guide or guide-book to tell you that the Fall is 150 feet high. The fact that you can trace the waves of foam descending is proof positive of great height. You have the idea of grandeur and majesty, not only in the overpowering volume of water, but in the apparently leisurely way in which the water descends. Nowhere, in a general view of the Falls, have you the sense of impetuosity. It is not till you go beneath them, or view the rapids above them, that you are impressed with a feeling of rush and irresistible power.

My brothers and I, clad in oilskin and led by a guide, went underneath the Falls. This was the severest test of the nerves we ever had. The insecure footing on the steep rocks, the distracting roar of the water shooting out overhead, together with the great draught of the descending cataract, make this a perilous undertaking. The day was stormy, and the wind blew the water down upon us, almost blinding us, the guide and we having every now and then to turn our faces to the oozy wall of rock to get a gasp of breath, while the water fell on us in solid masses continuously for about a quarter of a minute at a time. We reached a projecting point, which was rounded after careful stepping, and found ourselves under the shadow of the main body of Niagara, in the eerie twilight of a liquid-roofed cavern, resounding with thrilling sounds and echoes. A whole sky of clouds, loosened, as it were, from its place in the heavens, with all its rain, mist, and thunder, seemed to be flying down over our heads, the sonorous sound being exchanged for a sharp cry of pain as the water smote the rocks. It was a memorable experience.

The rapids as seen from Goat Island are sublime. The rush of the water is terrific, and the roar almost drowns that of the Falls themselves. Looking away up the broad-stretching river, you see a long gradient of foaming waters—waves tossing and whelming themselves into each other, and struggling back again uphill as if to avoid the final plunge—while the horizon is bounded by a long belt of smoking spray. On Luna Island we stood at the very verge of the American Fall, and could have put our foot into the curve of the water as it went over into the abyss. After resisting the plaintive entreaties of a Yankee cabman to "let him make something out of us," we went down to the Whirlpool Rapids below the Falls. The mighty river here becomes compressed into a channel some 300 yards wide. The water rushes past you at the rate of a mile a minute, the waves whirling with ceaseless revolution—tossing, shattering, and circling, no two waves alike or going the same way, and the billows in the centre rearing themselves thirty and forty feet high. The head turns giddy with vertigo while gazing at this chaos of waters. Then the stormy river, hurling logs along at the speed of the swiftest express train, pours headlong into the whirlpool, where a maze of currents writhe and draw everything movable into their smooth circlings. The powerful throes of the whirlpool seize upon large tree trunks, and pitch them sheer out of the water; very often tilt them end over end in the full force of the glassy suction. Round the green waters of the river circles a most lovely amphitheatre of forest trees; steep banks lined with fir, pine, maple, and oak of every conceivable hue; the whole an extensive natural bouquet of startling loveliness. The last we saw of the Falls was on a bright sunny day, when the spray was rising in a high luminous cloud, and a double rainbow was arching the white boiling water below. How can we ever forget Niagara!

We are enjoying the bracing weather of Canada. There is a great deal of travelling to be done here. The railway takes you almost anywhere now, and we have a constant succession of places to go to. During the next three weeks we will sing in eighteen different towns. We have good halls to perform in, and bad halls likewise—large buildings to small population very often, and small ones to important cities. Canada is as enjoy-

able a country as you could have in winter time. The roads are as wrinkled and as unyielding as the hide of a rhinoceros. There is an unspeakable beauty in the woods. The bare, leafless trees are covered with snow, as if frosted over with silver. The trunks, the limbs, the smallest crisp twigs, the bushes, fences, log huts, straw stacks, fields, and meadows, are all white. People begin to appear in winter garb, and blue (about the nose) is the fashionable colour. Stoves are everywhere; one each side of the pulpit, one each side of the proscenium, one in the railway carriage, one in the dining-room—not the insignificant stoves of "merry England," but some of them standing five, six, and seven feet high, with long, branching pipes that, in the hotels, are threaded through the bedrooms (in at one wall and out at another) till the whole house is heated.

Stratford, where we are now, is a fine town on the river Avon, and named after the birthplace of Shakespeare. The different wards, too, are named after his characters—Hamlet ward, Othello ward, Falstaff ward, and so on. We sing in the large town hall here. Lately our "Twa Hours" were given in a court-house, and we "held out" from the judge's bench, where we all sat ranged, "a terrible show!" We had also the pleasure of performing in a temperance hall, or, as it was called, "a cold water temple of the lodge of Silver Spray!" The land on which it was built was bought from an old lady for 100 dollars a year as long as she lived, and as the annuitant still lives, and as the arrangement took place twenty-three years ago, the temperance society of Silver Spray has "evaporated."

Now, I must really stop this prosing, for long letters, like long sermons, are not popular just now. In a month or two we may have some incidents or adventures worth writing about. No one can travel all through a Canadian winter without meeting some mishap. We will be in the coldest part at the coldest time. Sleigh rides loom in the near future. We have, as I said, buckled on our fur armour to resist the attack of winter, and look forward hopefully to "a jolly time." In the meantime we bid you good-bye, with kind regards to you all. Hoping that you are well, and still flourishing as ever in business, I remain, yours truly,
DAVID KENNEDY, Junior.

P.S.—Since I finished the letter we have all been delighted with receiving copies of Mr Rait's new song, "Dark Lochnagar." The universal verdict of the family jury pronounces it a fine composition. In fact, the only fault we could find was with the elegant title-page, which seemed, perhaps, too refined and Italian a scene for the wild, wraith-haunted "heeland hills" of Lord Byron. The setting of Sarah Doudney's poem, which we saw in the thematic list, was thought extra good. There was only a portion of the melody given, so we had to judge it as we might a fragment of classic sculpture. At Clifton we received a large roll of Mr Henderson's songs, which we sang almost within hearing of the grand music welling up from the liquid precipices of Niagara. The compositions of Messrs Henderson and Rait have quite an impressive appearance when grouped together, and are interesting to us from their own merits as well as for the sake of their authors.

Enigma.*
(For Music.)

I clasped it on her clay-cold hand,
The precious golden link!
I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
"Drink, pretty creature, drink."
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
In every clime from Lapland to Japan;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
The proper study of mankind, is man.

* Copyright.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Panofka has abandoned his project of opening a gratuitous singing class for four poor boys and girls. One of the conditions on which he insisted was, that none of his pupils should have previously received any instruction in singing, and all who presented themselves had received a few lessons. Besides this, none of them possessed either voice or intelligence to warrant the assumption that they would ever distinguish themselves on the stage. Consequently, Sig. Panofka has abandoned his project.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

M. Faure has appeared at the Grand Opera as Alphonse in *La Favorite*, a character which he both plays and sings with rare talent. The Léonore was Madlle Rosine Bloch. M. Salamon was Fernando, but not the best Fernando I have seen. M. Neveu and Madlle Sauné completed the cast. By the way, Madlle Bloch has been re-engaged for two years. She is shortly to sing the part of Fidès in *Le Prophète*.

A young and interesting ballerina, Madlle Amélie Columbier, made her debut on the occasion in a new *divertissement* introduced into the second act of the opera. She promises to do credit to her instructress, Mme Dominique, but, on her first appearance, her powers were evidently paralysed by her emotion.

All Paris has been taken aback by the news that M. Faure leaves the Opera, for a time at least, on the 1st April next. He has signed an engagement with Sig. Merelli to sing a hundred times, either at concerts or in opera, for which he is to receive the sum of 300,000 francs, besides all his expenses. The engagement will extend over ten months, which will include the two months M. Faure usually passes in London. Six weeks will be devoted to the Italian season at Vienna, in conjunction, probably, with Mme Nilsson, and the like period to Belgium and Holland. The remainder of the ten months will be spent in France.

The Opéra-Comique is doing excellent business. It commenced the new year with the 395th performance of *Mignon*, and the 1,104th of *Le Chalet*. The Boieldieu Centenary performance has been repeated twice. *Le Voyage en Chine* is to be revived early next month. It will be followed by the production of *Piccolino*, and then will come the turn of *Bathylle*, by MM. Ed. Blau and Chaumet. So much for new works. As regards new engagements, M. Du Locle has secured the services of Mad. Brunet-Lafleur for three years. The first part played by the lady will be that of the heroine in M. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, the Romeo being M. Stéphanne.

The success of *La Petite Mariée* at the Renaissance is more than confirmed. The first six performances produced 23,000 francs, against 20,000 for the same number of performances of *Gioffré-Gioffra*, hitherto the piece which has brought in the largest receipts known at this theatre. In order to provide against accidents, M. König has had all the parts understudied.

Belle Poule is the name of a new buffo opera produced at the Folies Dramatiques, words by MM. Hector Crémieux and Saint-Albin, music by M. Hervé. Of the music as a whole it is impossible to speak very highly, but there are some pieces which possess a certain amount of merit and are in keeping with the libretto they serve to illustrate. The latter is made up of elements employed times out of mind before. Colonel Baron de Champignol, passing with his regiment through Grossecasaque, is quartered at the château of the Marquise de Montaubreche. Twenty years later, happening to be shooting in the same neighbourhood, he again meets the Marquise, who informs him that, after his departure, an infant, parents unknown, was added to the population. Now there is in the village a strapping young girl christened Poulette, and nicknamed La Belle Poule. She is deeply in love with a young fellow called Poulet, found, like herself, on the same day, and at the same hour, under a bush, where they had been deposited by some person, or persons, who, strange to say, omitted to furnish any clue which could lead to the identification of the respective fathers and mothers. Is it necessary to add that, after the usual series of mistakes, Poulette is recognised as the daughter of the Marquise and the Colonel, and that the recognition is followed by her marriage with Poulet? The part of Poulette was played by Mme Schneider, whose gestures were as free and whose diamonds as conspicuous as ever, even though her voice showed that Time is no respecter of persons.

The funeral service for the late M. de Saint-Georges was celebrated in the church of Saint-Eugène, which was filled by a large crowd of artists and literary men. The corners of the pall were held by Baron Taylor, MM. Halanzier, Ambroise Thomas, Du Locle, Paul Féval, and Camille Doucet. MM. Bouhy, Villaret, and Dufriche, sang several appropriate pieces during the service. The speakers at the grave were M. Paul Féval for the Société des Gens de Lettres; M. Camille Doucet, for the Society of Dramatic

Authors and Composers; M. Halanzier for the Grand Opera; M. du Locle, for the Opéra-Comique; and M. Ambroise Thomas, for the Conservatory. A subscription has been opened at the *Figaro* offices for two busts of the deceased author, one to be presented to the Grand Opera, and the other to the Opéra-Comique.

SIMS REEVES.

(From the "Saturday Programme.")

His admirers have been pained to perceive that Mr Sims Reeves has once more had a long bout of illness, and that for several weeks he has been compelled to relinquish all his concert and other engagements. Mr Sims Reeves caught a severe cold at Brighton, usually at this season of the year one of the warmest and healthiest spots in England, and he has been confined to his house at London-super-Mare almost ever since. We have received several letters concerning his non-appearance, none of which are fair, because, in a case of genuine disposition, there is no reason for complaint. Still, Mr Sims Reeves may accept these querulous expressions of dissatisfaction as one of the highest compliments the public can pay to an English artist of thirty-six years' standing. If a less popular man fell ill, another would take his place, and we should hear little or nothing of the matter. In this case, too, there is a further and more cogent reason why complaint is unreasonable. When concert managers kept the name of the popular tenor on the bills up to the very night of the performance, those who had come expressly to hear Sims Reeves might be excused if they indulged in a little harmless grumbling. But, in the present instance, Mr Reeves' inability to sing has been announced many days, and often a week, in advance, and another artist has been substituted for him. Each purchaser of a ticket has, therefore, had plenty of time to demand and receive back his money if he wished to do so, while those who elected to retain their vouchers have no right whatever to complain. It is, of course, very well known that no one is a greater loser by his illness than Mr Reeves himself. If he is compelled to disappoint, he is never paid his fee; and when we state that that fee is never less than fifty guineas, and is often a hundred guineas, it will be seen that no person can be more anxious for the recovery of the great vocalist than himself. Mr Sims Reeves' present illness has, in fact, resulted in a pecuniary loss to him of nearly £800. It is, then, grossly unfair and unmanly to complain that a man who is stricken with illness, and who in the interim loses his income, is unable to work. We would far prefer to see a feeling of the deepest sympathy extended towards an old public favourite, towards one who has for the last thirty-six years delighted and instructed us. Nay, the fact that Mr Sims Reeves' name is a certain "draw," and that whenever and wherever he is announced to sing, the concert-hall is crowded, is a sufficient proof that such a feeling really exists in the minds of the great majority of music-lovers. Mr Reeves does wisely in refusing to appear unless he is in perfect voice. His singing is one of the best lessons in vocalism to the student; while, if he unfortunately broke down before the public, the disrespect to the audience would only be condoned by the fact that Mr Reeves is an old public servant. Mr Sims Reeves is announced to sing at the first ballad concert next Saturday, and at the Monday Popular Concert next Monday, and on both occasions a crowded St James's Hall is a certainty. And when he actually does appear, the shouts of welcome and the noisy and inconsiderate demands for encores will convince Mr Sims Reeves himself that the pupil of Cramer, of Hobbs, and of Tom Cooke is still considered the representative tenor vocalist of England, and that Englishmen remember that he has championed the cause of English art during the past thirty-six years, not only in the concert-room and on the English stage, but that he has carried the banner abroad on to the foreign stage itself, and has upheld his own and his country's credit.

CHERUBINO.

FRANKFORT.—Concertmeister Heinrich Wolff is celebrating his fiftieth anniversary at the Theatre. Among the works of his composition to be given will be a new symphony.

BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The managers of the Monnaie have been fortunate in reviving *Le Prophète*, which still continues to attract large houses, and seems likely to do so for some time to come. M. Sylva, as already mentioned in these columns, is especially good as Jean de Leyde. The same is true of Mlle Bernardi, the representative of Fidès.—The late Georges Bizet's *Carmen* is in active rehearsal, the part of the heroine being confided to Madlle Derivis.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been most successfully performed by the Société de Musique, under the direction of M. Warnots. The vocal solos were sung by Mesdles Asmann and Vergen, MM. Henschel and Sylva. The chorus was well up to its task. The next works the Society propose giving are Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, and Johannes Brahms' *Triumphlied*.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

While London Professors are enjoying their Christmas holiday the musicians in Paris are working with full speed. I arrived on Friday night, just in time for a musical treat. Annette Essipoff is here. Thoughts of A. Chappell, and Néruda, and Wilhelmj, and Alfredo Piatti arise, with other pleasant associations which the name of that accomplished artist awakens. At Padeloup's concert, last Sunday, Madame Essipoff was the pianist. The Cirque d'Hiver was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. There is no better encouragement for an artist than the sight of a large public, and the friendly salute of thousands of admirers. Madame Essipoff was in her very best mood. It seemed to me as if those brilliant passages in the first and last movements of Mendelssohn's G minor concerto (the piece selected for the occasion) had never been executed with more perfect mechanical facility and graceful playfulness. Annette played *con amore*—evidently as much for her own satisfaction, as for that of her hearers. Her reading of the expressive Andante was irreproachable. Pity that sound cannot be photographed! The repeated exclamations, "Charmant!" "Brava!" after every phrase, testified to the warm appreciation of an absolutely perfect rendering of a unanimously acknowledged masterpiece. I joined heartily in the applause that made the piquant Russian lady come back twice at the end of the concerto. M. Padeloup took the greatest care in directing the orchestral accompaniments. The performance of Beethoven's Symphony in D was also most enjoyable. An interesting feature in the programme was a selection from Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ*. The orchestral movement representing the gathering of the Shepherds before the stable at Bethlehem, and the trio of young Ishmaelites, for two flutes and harp (played by MM. Brunot, Lefebure, and Carillon), are fresh and melodious. The overture and a selection from Massenet's *Eve* were also introduced. Meyerbeer's overture to *L'Etoile du Nord* brought the concert to a close. Next Sunday we shall again, happily, hear Madame Essipoff, who plays at Frankfurt on the Friday previous. I am informed that Camillo Sivori is to play at the same concert, for which M. Padeloup has prepared Berlioz's *Childe Harold*. They ought to get our own "Monday Popular," and popular, Straus to impersonate the Hero, on the *obligato* viola.*

On Monday evening I was at a musical party at the house of M. Camille Saint-Saëns, organist of the Madeleine. I never heard him play the organ; but if he plays it as he plays the piano, he must play the piano as he plays the organ. To M. Saint-Saëns, Señor Sarraute (the Spanish violinist), and M. Fischer, I owe

* Eh! M. Padeloup.

the first hearing of Rubinstein's fourth Trio (in B minor), a somewhat extravagant, but nevertheless interesting, composition. M. Saint-Saëns has just returned from St Petersburg, where a symphony and a pianoforte concerto of his have been played (the latter by himself). Signor Papini is also in Paris, and has appeared at Padeloup's concerts.

A few days ago I heard, at a private *soirée*, one of the most popular German oratorio singers—Herr Geary Henschel, of Berlin, whom, I understand, Joachim intends to introduce to London next spring—proof enough that he must be a genuine artist. Next week I shall tell you about Mme Essipoff's second appearance at Padeloup's. Weather fine.

SIGMUND MENKES.

December 27th.

MR CHARLES COOTE'S GRAND VALSE.

The Coda to this remarkable composition was rendered unintelligible, last week, by the misplacement of an accidental. The movement which immediately precedes the Coda is in the key of E (four sharps), and by the addition of another sharp on the spaces representing, in the treble and bass clefs, A, the gifted composer naturally intended that the Coda should be in B (five sharps); by a misprint, however, the accidental referred to being placed on the lines which respectively represent F, the Coda appears to be in G instead of in B, whereby the mysterious harmony of Wagner is made to sound like mere cacophony. For this reason, in justice to the composer of *Tristan*, and to his egregious transcriber, Mr Coote, we reprint the Coda, for the further edification of those curious in the matter:—

CODA.

From \oplus to \otimes of No. 1. *dim.*

ral - len - tan - do.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR FOX.—Dr Hans von Bülow has demolished a board.
DR GOOSE.—The Admiralty Board?
DR FOX.—

“The members around which all roared”—

Not by no means—as you say.

DR GOOSE.—The Board of Trade?

DR FOX.—No—a sign-board.

DR GOOSE.—I don't catch.

DR FOX.—Chickering's sign-board.

DR GOOSE.—I don't catch.

DR FOX.—Well—name-board if you will; the board which, plastered upon the instrument, declares that Chickering's pianos are pianos by Chickering.

DR GOOSE.—I catch. Bülow hates puffery.

DR FOX.—So Ullman told me, in a letter I shall get printed.

DR GOOSE.—In the *New York Herald*?

DR FOX.—No—the *New York “Interviewer.”*

DR GOOSE.—Bülow has been re-interviewed?

DR FOX.—*Re-re-interviewed.*

DR GOOSE.—Dr Damrosch says a genius must not be judged as ordinary folk.

DR FOX.—Like Wagner?

DR GOOSE.—And Liszt.

DR FOX.—And any youth of “Higher Development”?

DR GOOSE.—Bülow walks about when interviewed.

DR FOX.—Half asleep?

DR GOOSE.—Lights and re-lights cigarettes.

DR FOX.—Chafes his “interviewer”?

DR GOOSE.—Fancy, a genius interviewed by a zebra!

DR FOX.—*N'importe!* Bülow has smashed a name-board.

DR GOOSE.—And driven *Arabella* from the “Empire City.”

DR FOX.—So much the better for *Arabella*!

DR GOOSE.—So much the worse the “Empire City”!

DR FOX.—Agreed. Let's go lunch together.

DR GOOSE.—Not by no means!

(*Eeunt cordially, but severally.*)

MAYENCE.—Mlle Carlotta Patti and Signor Camillo Sivori are announced to give a concert here on the 13th of January, and the Florentine Quatuor, with Herr Jean Becker as principal violin, are coming a few days later. At the Town Theatre, *La Juive* and *Il Trovatore* are to be given, with Herr Diener as principal tenor.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Wilhelmj has arrived from England, and will remain three weeks. His friends gave him a welcome, in the shape of a “Christmas Fête” and numerous presents. At the Town Theatre a grand concert is in preparation, where he is expected to play. Herr Procurator Wilhelmj, the father of the great violinist, is building a splendid concert room at his new country seat in Hattenheim on the Rhine, for the purpose of giving private “receptions” and concerts in the summer.

Dialogues in Purgatory.



DR SERPENT.—What's a “name-board”?

DR GHOST.—A board upon which there is a name.

DR SERPENT.—By Abbs! I thought as much.

DR GHOST.—By Adnan!

DR SERPENT.—Why did von Bülow kick it?

DR GHOST.—Because Ullman wasn't there.

DR SERPENT.—By Adnan! if Ullman *had* been there?

DR GHOST.—Then von Bülow wouldn't have kicked the name board. By Abbs!

(*Vanish.*)

Letters from Eminent Composers.

No. 1.

FROM BALFE.

Rowney Abbey, Ware, Herts,
June 2nd, 1870.

MY DEAR BILL,—My wife bothers my soul out to write to you about my honours, &c., &c. Well, here goes. You know that the Emperor of the French has bestowed upon me the Cross of Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur; but what you, perhaps, have not as yet heard—is, that the Regent of Spain has conferred upon “Don Guillermo Balfe” the Star and Cross of “Comendador de Número Extraordinario de la Real y Distinguida Orden de Carlos Tercero.” Ahem!!!! So far, so good, I trust you will say. Now for business. Nilsson has taken a fancy to play the new version of *La Bohémienne*, at Drury Lane, this season; and Reeves (who saw it at Paris, and was enchanted with the new music composed expressly for the Théâtre-Lyrique) wishes to make his *début* in that opera instead of *Lucia*. Wood and Jarrett say they will do it. The *mise-en-scène* at Paris was really very good, and, if they get it up in the same style, I think it would draw again in London. I am now arranging an Italian version of the *Rose of Castile*; for Adelina Patti has promised to play the part the moment I have finished the arrangement. I have another engagement at Paris, to produce an opera-comique, with St Georges and De Leuven, next winter, at the Opéra-Comique. So, after all this, if the Queen of England does not make me a baronet, why, justice is a thing not known in the British Isles. Love to Jim. I should be really glad to see the old fellow again. I am told he is much improved in his morals, &c.

Yours ever truly,

M. W. BALFE.

P.S.—I must also remind you that I have a new English opera, entitled the *Knight of the Leopard*, quite ready. But where is there an English operatic theatre? Oh! shame, shame! London can only boast of foreign operatic theatres. Even Offenbach and Hervé find corners. Alas! alas!

“Let's drink and be merry,
We'll drown thought in sherry.”

To W. Duncan Davison, Esq.

M. W. B.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR AGUILAR gave a performance of pianoforte music on Monday last. The following is the programme—Sonata, Op. 7, Beethoven; Christana, a dramatic and romantic piece, Aguilar; Ballade A flat, Chopin; Nightingale song (transcription from *Summer Night*), Aguilar—Aguilar; Gigue (from orchestral suite in D), Bach—Aguilar; Sonata in A flat, Weber; Lieder ohne worte, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on an air from *Fra Diavolo*, Aguilar; “Mi manca la voce” (transcription), Thalberg; “Ungarisch” (arrangement), Liszt; Evening (romance), and Esmeralda (morceau caractéristique), Aguilar.

MISS CATHERINE PENNA's first Soirée Musicale attracted a select audience, among whom were several leading members of the musical profession, to the Beethoven Rooms last week. The attractions of the evening were naturally the performances of the young *bénéficiaire* herself, and were somewhat heavily prolonged by a lecture delivered by Henry Lesingham, Esq., and vocally illustrated by Mr Frederick Penna. The subject of this discourse, “The character of Elijah as musically conceived and suggested by Mendelssohn,” was treated with much ingenuity; but we can hardly agree with Mr Lesingham's confident statement, that Mendelssohn was the positive inaugurator of musical character-embodiment. If so, how classify the distinct variety of the *dramatis personæ* in—to name one instance among many—Bach's *Passion* music? There is such a thing as an excess of zeal, which defeats its own object, which Mr Lesingham will doubtless remember when he next publishes his decidedly thoughtful opinions. The second part of the concert contained instrumental performances by Messrs Ganz (pianoforte), and Mr Rosenthal (violin), and vocal duets and soli by Miss Catherine Penna and Mr Henry Guy; Messrs Rosenthal and Ganz joining their powers to give a worthy exposition of an interesting sonata by Sir Julius Benedict—which, for scholastic treatment and melodic charm, should take a high rank among the compositions of its distinguished author—and Mr Rosenthal rendering with much skill an attractive little romance of his own. Mr Henry Guy, in addition to his agreeable solos, greatly assisted to promote the success of the duet from Gounod's *Faust*, in which Miss Penna was perhaps heard at her best. The young lady has a powerful soprano, of a robust quality, which she manages with fluency and grace. Her vocalisation astonishes, when considered in reference to her years. Her execution of extracts from classical and modern schools—of irreproachable legitimacy—showed that her mind temporises between her natural musical feeling and its expression, forbidding the exercise of that caprice of the moment which so frequently, even in artists of note, blazes up and consumes art rules, composers' intent, tradition, precedent, and, but too often, the critical capabilities of the audience. In her brief assumption of the rôle of Gounod's Margherita, Miss Penna gave decided evidence of innate dramatic power; not by those reprehensible attempts at action with which some artists decorate their performances—whether to suggest the insurmountable habit of stage-play, or to conceal certain deficiencies by diverting the attention of their hearers, they themselves best know—but by a well-regulated fervour and *entrain* that could not have been had not her mind thoroughly assimilated the character she impersonated. If Miss Catherine Penna continues patiently to elaborate her resources, and does not fall into the error of anticipation, which has robbed us of many a promising artist, she can hardly fail to enjoy the future her ambition demands. F.

“LA PASTORALE.”

(From a Correspondent.)

According to the *Paris Journal*, this season of the year is characterised by some strange theatrical exhibitions in the South of France. With the Festival of Christmas, the minor theatres begin giving performances of what is known as *La Pastorale*. This is a representation of the circumstances which preceded, accompanied, and followed the birth of our Saviour; the Shepherds, the Massacre of the Innocents, and the Adoration of the Magi in the stable, where our Lord was born, between the ass and the ox, who play a prominent part in the entertainment. The population of the old quarters of Marseilles, the fishermen of Saint Jean, the “*partissanes*” of the Cours Julien, flock to the traditional performance, which shows us King Herod storming about his pasteboard palace, and thrusting forth the prophets who predict the end of his dominion, while the Wise Men of the East, robed in splendid garments, follow the mysterious star. We behold, too, angels in flesh and blood descend from the flies, to announce the glad tidings. The leading personages, such as kings, prophets, and angels, speak French; the secondary characters express themselves in the dialect of Provence.

PROVINCIAL.

BOGNOR.—An excellent concert was given at the Assembly Rooms, under the direction of Mr Finlay Finlayson, on the 14th ult., in aid of the local charities. The artists were Miss Marie Duval (soprano), Mr Stedman (tenor), Mr Finlayson (baritone), Mons. Kuhn (violin), and Mr Partridge (pianoforte). The artists all gave the highest satisfaction, especially Miss Duval, in a song by Mr Finlayson, entitled, “Love, it is the rarest gem.”

BANGOR.—The Choral Society gave, under most distinguished patronage, a performance of Haydn's *Creation*, on Tuesday, 28th ult., and of the *Messiah*, on Wednesday, 29th. The artists were Mdme Billinie-Porter (of Birkenhead), Misses Wynne Jones (of the Canonry, Bangor), Mr J. Verney Binns, and Mr Hudson Lister (of Manchester Cathedral). The hall was well filled on both occasions. A local paper says:—“Mdme Billinie-Porter possesses a voice of great power and sweetness. Her rendering of the air, ‘With verdure clad,’ and the duet with Mr Lister, ‘By thee with bliss,’ was admirable. ‘Rejoice’ and ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth’ were given by the same lady with excellent taste. Her singing was the best we have heard in Penryn Hall for many years past; and we trust no great period may elapse before the committee will again secure her services.” Miss Wynne Jones has a voice of great purity, and Mr Verney Binns rendered the parts assigned to him with refinement. Mr Lister possesses a powerful voice. He was deservedly applauded after “Why do the nations” and “The trumpet shall sound.” The choruses were well rendered, especially those in the *Creation*. Credit is due to the conductor and the choir for the assiduous manner in which they performed their duty. Mr C. W. Thomas, organist of St Ann's, accompanied with efficiency and judgment; and Mr W. Williams, jun., presided at the harmonium.

—o—

VON BÜLOW INTERVIEWED.

(From the “Graphic,” Jan. 1.)

Dr Hans von Bülow has held “interviews” with reporters from more than one of the New York papers. If what is stated by these gentlemen is exact, the “interviews” are honourable neither to the interviewers nor to the interviewed. But, as the Doctor's command of the English spoken language (he confesses a preference for the American accent) is known to be extremely limited, we decline to credit him with the rubbish that fills columns of the American press—for which, nevertheless, if he does not openly repudiate his “interviewers,” he must be held answerable.

SYNOPSIS.

Abuse of the word “*Maestro*,” page 2; Mendelssohn, 93; Bach, concerts for concerto, 89; excited gigue, 88; Hallé and Bach, 94; Himmel, 144, (*Semiramide*); Bishop and Glover (which Glover of the three?), 100; note, Hogarth, 100; Shakspeare's comedies and Handel's operas, 103; *Israel*, 106; Instructions for singing, 30; 107; Dead March; C minor symphony (No. 3), theme in F major, 221; *Messiah* rejected in London, 109; Revising Handel, 110; Hasse's church characteristics, 113; Bouffon, 122; Libels on Boieldieu, Auber, etc.; *Apropos* of Isouard; *Masaniello*, Auction scene, *Dame Blanche* (Weber's delight); Gluck, 133; Wagner, 126, 139, 141; Méhul Joseph, imitator of Gluck; Himmel, 144; Cherubini, 234, 250 (notes), 274; Estimate—impertinent—of *Medea* and *Faniska*; only the overtures known—1: 274-5-6; E. Bach, Mozart, 149; Haydn in D, 159; *Obbligato* always; 182, trombone triads; Mozart Sonatas, 189-90; Symphonies, 191-2-3; Concertos, 194 (!); 321 Mendelssohn, Spohr (!); 310, Compare with Spohr; 323, Symphonies (!); A relish (!) 326, *Lobgesang*, &c.; Trio, concerto (only one of each?) *Calm Sea* and *Melusina*, inferior works! 326; 327, Virginia Gabriel!!! Schumann on Meyerbeer (329); 319, Bennett; 336, Bennett, Sullivan; 248, Schubert (!) 240, Beethoven's Scotch (!) 231, *Les Diamants*, grand opera; 233, especially; 335, Liszt's French; 343, David on the school of Berlioz.

[One hundred pounds for a meaning.—A.S.S.]

AN Italian composer, Sig. Emilion Bezzano, proposes to set to music, with chorus and military flourishes, the third and fourth cantos of Dante's *Inferno*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.
EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF
MDLLE MARIE KREBS AND SIGNOR PIATTI.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1876.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZEBBINI, and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONG, "Bella adorata"—MR SHAKESPEARE Mercadante.
SUITE DE PIECES, in E major (with Variations on "The Har-
monious Blacksmith"), for pianoforte alone—MDLLE MARIE
KREBS Handel.

PART II.

SONATA in D major Op. 58, for pianoforte and violinello—
MDLLE MARIE KREBS and SIGNOR PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONGS, { "Du bist wie eine Blume" } Schumann.
{ "Sing, maiden, sing" } Bennett.
MR SHAKESPEARE.
QUARTET in F, Op. 77, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violon-
cello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZEBBINI, and PIATTI Haydn.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 15, 1876.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in D minor (No. 2 of the set dedicated to Haydn), for
two violins, viola, and violinello—MDME NORMAN-NERUDA,
MM. L. RIES, ZEBBINI, and PIATTI Mozart.
AIR, "Adelaide"—MR SIMS REEVES Beethoven.
SONATA in A flat, Op. 26 (with Funeral March), for pianoforte
alone—MDLLE MARIE KREBS Beethoven.
ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violinello, with
pianoforte accompaniment—SIGNOR PIATTI Veracini.
SONGS, { "The Savoyard" } MR SIMS REEVES Beethoven.
{ "The Kiss" }
TRIO in G minor, Op. 8, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—
MDLLE MARIE KREBS, MDME NORMAN-NERUDA, and SIGNOR
PIATTI Chopin.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

ERRATUM.—The name of Mr BURNHAM Horner, who presided at
the organ, in Barnes Church, and afterwards, with other friends,
followed the remains of the late lamented Augustus Mayhew to the
grave, was erroneously given in our last issue as BONHAM instead
of BURNHAM Horner. The name, too, of Capt. Eugene Winslow was
accidentally omitted from the list of those present on the occasion.

BIRTHS.

On December 31st, at 45, Blandford Square, N.W., the wife of
SYDNEY SMITH, of a son.

On December 27th, at 27, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.,
the wife of FRANK H. CAYE, Esq. (Miss Gertrude Ashton), of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 10th December, JOSEPH WILKIE, J.P., Melbourne, of
paralysis, aged 46.

On the 21st December, at Vienna, ROSALIA GOLDBERG, in the
85th year of her age, the beloved mother of Cavaliere J. P. Goldberg
of London.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—Well—Bulow kicked Chickering!
DR QUINCE.—Why—'twas Chickering's name-board.
DR SHIPPING.—Well—what will Ullman do?
DR QUINCE.—Why—pocket Chickering's dollars.
DR SHIPPING.—Well—and Bulow?
DR QUINCE.—Why—pocket Ullman's dollars.
DR SHIPPING.—Well—'tis a case of kicks and ha'pence.
DR QUINCE.—Why—'tis one of more ha'pence than kicks.
BOTH (significantly)—A-a-a-h!!

(*Exeunt ponderingly.*)

THE WAGNERIAN WHIRLPOOL.*

FOR two days the beautiful City of Vienna has resumed its
ordinary peaceful and good humoured physiognomy, after
having been for nearly six weeks agitated and convulsed as in
the days preceding the Revolution of 1848.

No one who does not know Wagner personally, and is not
acquainted with his doings in Dresden, Paris, Munich, and lastly
Berlin, can possibly form an exact notion of the excitement and
discord which he causes in the public mind, if, when spending any
little time in a large capital, he does not, to calm and satisfy his
tyrannical and insatiable ambition, meet with the blind and ser-
vile adulation which he is accustomed to find in the small towns
where he prefers to dwell. Psychologically, this species of ner-
vous crisis into which the German master falls every time he visits
a large capital, to conduct his works, springs from the irritating
effect produced upon his nerves by the indifference or the
opposition of a public partly pre-occupied by a great many other
subjects and interests, and partly accustomed to exercise its own
independent and mature opinion, and in no way allowing itself to
be imposed upon either by the arrogance of Wagner himself, or
by the still greater and less justifiable arrogance of his satellites.

When Wagner arrived in Vienna to carry out his task, concen-
trating all the powers of his nervous activity in the Imperial
Theatre, the terrible Wagnerian Whirlpool began engulfing
everything. The poet, the musician, the theatrical manager,
the publicist, the politician, the orator, and the husband of
MDME Cosima, eight special, most nervous, and always discon-
tented Wagners, plumped down upon the orchestra, the chorus,
the singers, the prompter, the dancers of both sexes, the
designer of the costumes, the scene-painter, the tailors, the
property-men, the lamp-men, the business officials, the firemen,
and even the horses and hounds destined to take part in the
newly dished-up *Tannhäuser*. Endowed with surprising vivacity,
the one Wagner (representing the eight Wagners) was clever
enough to keep under his orders, in a state of continually increas-
ing excitement, for more than seven weeks, several hundreds of
human beings, besides a certain number of quadrupeds. Among
his victims, the individual most severely tortured was un-

* From the *Gazetta Musicale di Milano*.

doubtedly the manager, Herr Jauner. Besides having to suffer all the doses of insolence which, according to circumstances, were administered to him by one or other of the eight *Wagners*, he was obliged now to mollify, now to command, then to entreat and calm, in order not to be under the necessity of thrusting out of doors the celebrated composer *Wagner*, whom he had invited to Vienna, or of himself leaving the theatre and the management in the hands of this highly singular personage.

As *Wagner's* operas could not be studied like ordinary revivals, the repertory of our principal theatre was completely disorganised during the working of the Wagnerian Whirlpool, since all the company was occupied, day and night, in rehearsing first *Tannhäuser* and then *Lohengrin*. Another cause of derangement in the repertory was the fatigue experienced by the singers, who were obliged, one by one, to think of putting themselves under medical treatment. The empire exercised by the eight *Wagners* during the latter weeks was so absolute that Jauner was not able to get up one of Boieldieu's operas to celebrate that composer's centenary (15th December), while he allowed to pass unnoticed Beethoven's birthday (17th December), usually solemnised by a performance of *Fidelio*.

Having called on business at the Imperial Operahouse the day after the first representation of *Lohengrin*, I was reminded, in spite of myself, of the many accounts I had read describing a battle field on the morrow of a desperate struggle between two hostile armies. The porter was half asleep in his den; the stairs leading to the managerial offices were encumbered with helmets, lances, swords, banners, pasteboard swans, and warlike accoutrements of every kind. The officials of the theatre paced speechlessly in groups, up and down the corridors, while, in the different rooms, stretched on sofas or on armchairs, lay sopranos, tenors, baritones, and basses, silent, pale, and prostrate. Herr Steiner, the very active and energetic stage manager, was seated before his desk, with his head supported by his two hands, motionless and mute; Herr Leroy, the Inspector General, as though of stone, and huddled up in a large easy-chair, held a cigar in one hand and some matches in the other, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling. He had not even strength enough to light the cigar, from which he hoped perhaps to obtain relief. Surprised at this picture, for me unintelligible, I decided, after a few moments, on asking the tenor, Müller, what had happened. Scarcely had he answered, with a most acute sigh, modulating between G and C above the line: "Heaven be thanked, he is gone!" when all present, men and women, repeated, one after the other, with a heartrending expression, and on the most powerful notes that each had left, the same words. *Wagner* had gone; the Whirlpool had ceased to whirl.—"And where," I asked, "is Jauner?"—"The manager," replied Steiner, who had roused himself at the general groan, "has also left Vienna, for a few days, in order to enjoy a change of ideas, and try to get his brain all right, for it was very nearly turned. Thus we shall all be able to rest at least for a fortnight!"

Meanwhile they are rehearsing *Rigoletto*, for which I could desire a better Gilda than we shall have. Beck, the baritone, who refused to sing for *Wagner*, has promised to appear in Verdi's opera next week. He is excellent as the hunchbacked buffoon, and Walter sings the part of the Duke very well. Maddalena, also, confided to Mlle Tremal, is in good hands, so a new triumph is in preparation for our Verdi. The thousand little stories and the ridiculous episodes recounted about *Wagner*, singing with the voice of a demoniac, continually drinking soda water during the stormy rehearsals, and, with his little legs, teaching the ballet girls postures and gestures, have provided a number of piquant articles for all the papers, which were so scurvily treated in

No. 2 Speech, made by *Wagner*, the Orator, when he had to beg pardon of the singers, whom he had publicly insulted in Speech No 1. As a man, *Wagner* has forfeited the esteem of the Viennese; his arrogance, his ingratitude, his intolerance, his violence, and his mania for speaking in public, have generated not merely a feeling of antipathy, but one of absolute repugnance against him. As a composer, he has done himself harm, since all the new matter which he introduced into *Tannhäuser*, and which he composed for Paris, is heavy, monotonous, and, for the most part, not realistic, but ultra-sensual. As regards *Lohengrin*, he merely restored in its entirety all that for so many years has been advantageously cut out. The first as well as the second opera is preferable in the reduced form everywhere adopted, and there is no reason why we should stop four everlasting hours in the theatre, and not only lose our taste for his transcendental music, but become at last so stunned as not to understand one jot of it. As regards the increased length of the character of Venus in *Tannhäuser*, it is a grave dramatic error, since this personage will always remain secondary despite the shameless touches of obscenity which *Wagner* has introduced throughout the very long Scene of Seduction, as it is called, otherwise: The Grotto of Venus.

Even if my opinion were not shared by those illustrious musical critics of Vienna—Hanslick, Schelle, Ambros, and others, I could not be accused of prejudice. Fifteen years ago, I undertook an Italian translation of *Lohengrin* and of *Tannhäuser*, published subsequently by Lucca, Milan; and I then translated, five years ago, for Drury Lane *Der fliegende Holländer* published by Cramer and Beale, London. In the first two of the above named operas, I perceived an advance as regards the form of the libretto, as well as the musical treatment of the pieces, and I thought that their propagation might conduce to salutary reforms in melodramatic art. I believe I was not mistaken. But, after having begun by victoriously combating the exclusiveness of old traditions, *Wagner* has himself become tyrannically exclusive, falling, under other forms, into the same defect so injurious to the development of art, which is eternal in its progress, since it disposes freely of a field as vast and multifarious in the combinations and successions of rhythm and of sound as does the imagination in the spheres of the Ideal.

SALVATORE DE CASTRONE-MARCHESI.

HAD not Shakspeare anticipated us, we might have given the title of *The Comedy of Errors* to a highly exciting serio-comic entertainment, in a prologue and three acts, which was brought to a close at the commencement of the week. Perhaps, under the circumstances, we may be allowed to call it *Blunders all round*; or, *the Attack, the Explanations, and the Apologies*. The prologue opened in the pages of *Fun*; the three acts were performed in the Guildhall of the City of London, the list of characters being extremely long and including the names of Alderman Sir Richard Carden, Messrs F. H. B. Irving, Toole, Dion Boucicault, Judd, Sims, Sampson, and a host of others.

Our readers will perceive that we are alluding to the legal proceedings recently instituted by Mr Irving, of the Lyceum Theatre, against Mr James Judd, the printer of the comic periodical mentioned above, for what is termed in the newspaper reports "a scandalous and defamatory libel," a designation we merely quote without formally endorsing. In cases of this description a commentator has to thread his way among the legal pitfalls which encompass him on every side as gingerly as ever the late Baron Nathan pursued his course through the maze of eggs cunningly devised to show off his skill in that terrestrial paradise, Rosherville Gardens, "the place in which," if advertisements may be credited,

"to spend a happy day"—always supposing you have at your disposal such a day to spend. What are

" . . . The perils which environ
The man who meddles with cold iron "

compared with those surrounding now-a-days the man who wields a pen? They are not to be mentioned in the same breath. Despite of this, however, we shall proceed to offer a few observations suggested by what has taken place.

We have spoken of *Blunders all round*. No one, probably, not even excluding Mr George Robert Sims, who wrote the article which gave so much offence, will deny that in so doing he committed a blunder and a very great blunder. Mr Sims, we are informed, is a very young man, who has not long embraced the career of journalism. This we can easily believe. He has evidently much to learn. Of one truth, namely that

"Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen,"

he appears to be altogether ignorant. Instead of a razor, the weapon he employed was a jagged scythe. But it was very blunt, and failed to harm the person against whom its foolish blows were aimed. Even had it been as sharp as Mr Sims no doubt imagined it to be, it would not have injured Mr Henry Irving. John Bull loves fair play, and public opinion, interposed as a buckler between the assailant and the object of his attack, would have preserved Mr Irving unscathed, though Mr Sims had written in a vein of Junius-like invective instead of a strain of bombastic boyish rant. As he grows older, Mr Sims will, it is to be hoped, become wiser. Years bring experience, and experience will teach him that

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

If at some future period, when the first years of early manhood, *Ventosa levitate tumens*, shall have passed away, he should desire to adduce, for the benefit of a friend, a striking illustration of this, he will find one in a "Letter to a Fashionable Tragedian," published in *Fun* of Dec. 23rd, 1875.

Another blunder was that committed by the editor of *Fun*, Mr Henry Sampson, in passing such an effusion. In his editorial capacity, he should have recollected that, if reckless of giving pain to Mr Irving, he ought to respect the feelings of many honourable gentlemen whose contributions have obtained for *Fun* a popularity which the unaided efforts of Mr Sims would, perhaps, fail to acquire for it were that popularity not already secured—gentlemen who must have deeply regretted that such a composition should be allowed to appear in a publication with which they were known to be connected.

Another blunder, at any rate, in our opinion, was the line of defence adopted by Mr Macrae Moir, who appeared on January 1st for both Mr Sims and Mr Sampson, and on January 4th for Mr Sampson alone. Mr Moir seemed to forget that, as there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so there is often an infinitesimal space intervening between cleverness and—well, something else. Was Mr Moir acting judiciously when, in his questions to Mr Toole, he endeavored to show that, so far from being a fierce attack, the article headed "To a Fashionable Tragedian," was absolutely an eulogium? We will not here stop to inquire whether every disciple of Themis is of necessity a portent of acumen; but we are not inclined to concede that all his fellow creatures, not belonging to the same distinguished profession as himself, are absolute idiots. Yet such they infallibly must be if they interpret Mr Sims's effusion as Mr Moir would have them interpret

it. We know that modern chemistry extracts very agreeable perfumes from exceedingly foul matter, but, after careful analysis, we cannot squeeze the slightest compliment out of what Mr Sims has written "To a Fashionable Tragedian"—no, not even out of the passage where the latter is described as "casting a glamour of false sentimentality over the foulest outrages, such as murder;" nor do we think, with Mr Moir, that when Mr Sims writes: "You have canonised the, etc.," he is "speaking of the characters which Mr Irving represents, and not of Mr Irving himself." If the learned counsel was right in his assumption, Mr Sims would be as shaky in his grammar as Mr Moir was weak in his examination of Mr Toole. Again, when Mr Sims denounces the "hiring portion of the press at Mr Irving's command," and "the gang of time-serving reporters" in the tragedian's employ, we are unable to agree with Mr Moir in thinking that by such expressions Mr Sims intended to describe "amateur critics." We have no doubt Mr Moir meant well, and therefore we feel the more sorry that his powers were not on a par with his good intentions. Some friend ought to tell him that it betrays a lack of judgment to treat Mr Toole and the English public as though they were fools.

It was a blunder on Alderman Sir Richard Carden's part to inform the Court that "no one ever shed a tear who saw Mr Toole." We suppose, by the way, the worthy magistrate meant that no one ever shed a tear on seeing Mr Toole perform. Sir Richard's assertion, as reported, would be somewhat too sweeping, and make the English nation almost as sparing of their tears as the Veddahs are chary of their smiles. But this parenthetically. To resume the thread of our comments, no one who knows what an under-current of pathos runs through, or is intended by the authors to run through, some of the characters sustained by Mr Toole, will be surprised that, in reply to Sir Richard, Mr Toole stated he was: "Sorry to hear that." Another blunder—arising from good nature, doubtless, on the part of Sir Richard—was the licence allowed the public—whom, by the way, one paper styled: the audience—in expressing their satisfaction or disapprobation. Indeed, when we see the names of Mr Toole and Mr Dion Boucicault in one line, and "applause," "laughter," "laughter and some applause, which was suppressed," "laughter," "laughter," and "laughter," over and over again, immediately afterwards, we might fancy ourselves at the Gaiety or the Adelphi rather than in a Court of Justice. At one stage of the case, there were also "hisses," to render the similarity more perfect. It is lucky that the Guildhall is not often open for such exhibitions; they would prove very injurious to the Morning Performances now usual at Metropolitan Theatres. Before leaving this part of the subject, we must direct attention to one remark which fell from Mr Toole. He said: "I read newspapers; but that article has lowered them very much in my estimation." We are sorry for this, as we do not consider that all the press should suffer for one peccant member. We trust, however, that English journalism will survive the heavy blow dealt by the eminent comedian.

We now come to Mr Irving. We think he blundered in taking out a summons without having previously adopted other measures. An earnest letter from his lawyers would probably have procured a public apology in the columns of *Fun*, and immunity from future attack. As it is, the article of which he complained, instead of appearing in one paper only, has been published in the majority of papers throughout the United Kingdom, thus obtaining a degree of publicity it would not otherwise have commanded. But, if Mr Irving blundered in this particular, he did not blunder in accepting

the apologies tendered him by Mr Sampson and Mr Sims. Having his opponents completely in his power, he extended towards them the mercy for which they begged. However people may differ about his merits as an actor, no one can deny that his forbearance and moderation in the moment of triumph are deserving of high praise.

R. K.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IN its report of a concert recently given at Bath for charitable purposes, the principal local journal speaks thus of an accomplished amateur pianist:—

"Miss Maud White, a lady who has in other places performed for the benefit of charities and worthy objects, then played Brahms' 'Hungarian Dances' on the pianoforte with such great taste and executive power as to evoke a hearty encore, which she kindly acknowledged by playing another piece. The lady's executive skill is of the highest order, and her musical tastes have evidently been carefully cultivated. Miss White is one of the most accomplished amateur pianists we have had the gratification of hearing."

THE new series of Popular Concerts begins on Monday, with Herr Straus as principal violin, Signor Piatti as violoncello, and Mdle Marie Krebs as pianist.

MR JOHN BOOSEY resumes his London Ballad Concerts to-day in St James's Hall (as usual), with a morning performance. These attractive entertainments are, in their kind, unique, and have been carried on with such spirit and administrative ability as to deserve all the popularity they have obtained.

THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA.—The foundations and substructure of this building having been completed, Mr Webster has undertaken the contract for the whole of the superstructure, which is now being vigorously proceeded with, the weather being favourable for building operations. Rapid progress will therefore be made day by day, and the works are expected to be completed for the forthcoming season.—*Times*.

MDME SAINTON-DOLBY has composed a sacred cantata, which there is every reason to believe will be publicly performed in the course of the ensuing season. Those who remember the early days of the Royal Academy of Music will not have forgotten that Charlotte Helen Dolby was not only an accomplished singer, but an accomplished musician—two things which do not always necessarily go together. Among other things, she composed a Mass, which gave promise of a career quite equal in brilliancy to that which she has pursued, as one of the foremost vocalists and mistresses of the vocal art in our time.

THE *Arcadian* gives us a "little story" of Dr von Bülow, which, whether authentic or not, is characteristic of the modern German school. At a certain concert, "Miss Thursby was encored, and sang, in place of her first song, Abt's 'Embarrassment,' the accompaniment to which was nicely played by Mr Bassford. When von Bülow next came in he, with a great deal of ostentation, took out his handkerchief and wiped the keys. It might have been supposed that this was done as an insult to Mr Bassford, and many were of that opinion. Von Bülow afterwards explained that he intended to brush away the lingering remains of Abt's harmonies. Our contemporary proceeds to take a serious view of the affair, and rates the Doctor smartly for "bad taste." Should he not rather be amused at what was no more than an example of the arrogance which "modern Germans" permit themselves, in emulation, perhaps, of their master, Wagner. When the prophet of the *Zukunft* was conductor of our Philharmonic Society it became his duty to preside at the performance of an orchestral work by Mendelssohn, and the question with him seems to have been how he could best show his contempt for it. At any rate, having wielded the *bâton* up to the Mendelssohn point without gloves, he proceeded to carefully cover his hands before touching the master's score, uncovering them when it had been put aside. Wagner guarding against contact with Mendelssohn, and Bülow brushing away the harmonies of poor Franz Abt, would make very pretty companion pictures.—*Concordia*.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Since my last letter there has been no lack of opportunity to our local amateurs for indulging their varied tastes. There have been four performances of the *Messiah*, each of which attracted a crowded audience. At one of Mr Hallé's Concerts, Raff's new symphony, "Leonora," excited so much favourable attention, that the director has determined to repeat it on an early occasion. At the same concert, Mdme Norman-Néruda played one of Vieuxtemps' concertos with wonderful dramatic effect; and she was equally successful in Rust's quaint music. Mdle Varesi, the vocalist of the evening, again delighted Manchester amateurs, with whom she is now a well-established favourite. Last week, Haydn's *Seasons* was given for the first time for many years in Manchester; but if we may judge by the reception of this beautiful work, it will not be so long neglected in future. The choruses were all splendidly sung; and the solos were effectively given by Mdme Nouver, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Whitney.

There was a very agreeable concert at the Concert Hall on Monday week, at which Mr Edward Hecht gave a very fine performance of a new pianoforte concerto by Gernsheim. Mdme Roze-Perkins and Herr Behrens were the vocalists.

Mr De Jong gave two concerts on New Year's Day, at both of which the fine band of the Royal Irish Constabulary played. Mdme Edith Wynne was the vocalist at the evening concert.

WAIFS.

Verdi's *Aida* has lately been performed with great success at Wiesbaden and Darmstadt.

We are glad to state that Mr Andrew Halliday has quite recovered from his recent severe illness.

The Carl Rosa English Opera Company has had an almost uninterrupted success in the "provinces."

Mr Longfellow has declined the post of poet in connection with the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

Schumann's music to *Manfred* was given at the last concert of the Paris Conservatoire, and heartily received.

Mdle Théo prolonged her stay at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes, Brussels, for a week, with salary doubled.

M. Offenbach is going to Vienna to superintend the rehearsal of the *Créole*, about to be represented at the Theater an der Wien.

Madame Christine Nilsson left London for Paris on Saturday. She has undertaken a professional tour in Holland, Germany, and France.

Dr Robertson, Chairman of the Pavilion Directors, has laid the foundation stone of a new music-hall at Buxton. The building is to cost £12,000.

Scarcely had they returned to Paris from their tour through Italy, than M. and Mdme Alfred Jaël set out for a short professional excursion through Belgium.

Our readers will be glad to know that M. Gounod is perfectly re-established in health, and was present during a recent performance of his *Faust* at the New Grand Opera, Paris.

Madame Essipoff, who has been playing at the concerts of M. Padeloup in Paris, returns to England next April, after a professional tour in Germany. She will be thrice welcome.

The Milan journals announce the death of Prince Pompeo Belgiojoso. The deceased was the friend of Bellini, Donizetti, Pacini, and Rossini. Rossini wrote for him the bass part in his *Stabat*.

"Handelians" will be glad to know that *Susanna*, one of the most unfamiliar works of the great master of oratorio, sacred and secular, is about to be produced at the Alexandra Palace.

The 17th of November, the anniversary of Beethoven's birth, was celebrated at the Royal Opera in Berlin, by a performance of *Fidelio*, with Mdle Marianne Brandt as Leonora.

M. Victor Hugo is about to publish a volume of verse, entitled *Les Justes Colères*, a continuation of *L'Année Terrible*; and a prose volume, said to be a charming work, *L'Art d'Etre Grand-Père*.

M. Gounod was lately present at the French opera to hear Mdle Krauss, to whom he purposes confiding the part of Pauline in his *Polyeucte*. There is a question of producing that work in 1876.

The rehearsals of M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc* are proceeding with diligence at the New Grand Opera in Paris; and something unknown, if not absolutely new, may be expected, sooner or later, at that, for the avowed purposes of its construction, absurdly ill-fitted establishment. M. Mermet is by no means a first-rate, or even a second-rate composer; but even he may serve for a time, to save the Parisian public from the terrible monotony of *La Juive*.

An inhabitant of Lyons, M. Carriat, has just bequeathed to Bourg, his native town, the sum of 500,000 francs, on condition that a large portion of the money shall be devoted to the foundation of a Gratuitous School of Music.

Sig. Brignoli, the eminent tenor, is, it is said, about to join the Tietjens' operatic troupe in America, and started from Liverpool, in the Baltic, on Thursday. Mdlle Bauermeister and Signor Galassi are also engaged for the same undertaking.

Mr Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, left England for the United States on Saturday, with the design, it is reported, of organising a series of operatic performances for Mdlle Tietjens, at New York and other great cities in the United States.

A Ladies' Quartet, called the St Cecilia Quartet, will give five concerts this winter in the Salle Pleyel, Paris. It is thus constituted; first violin, Mdlle Marie Tayau; second violin, Mdlle Marie Alt-Mayer; tenor, Mdlle Prins-Clauss; and violoncello, Mdlle Eve Maleyx.

AMATEUR PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, ST JOHN'S WOOD.—Mr George Mount, having resigned the conductorship of this Society, the appointment has been offered to, and accepted by, Mr Wm. Beavan, Professor of the London Academy of Music, organist and choirmaster, S. Augustine's Church, Kilburn, &c.

Mdlle Zaré Thalberg has returned to London. Among many successes during her recent tour in England, Ireland, and Scotland, her greatest triumph was, according to all accounts, achieved in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. We may thus look forward to new phases in the exhibition of her singularly precocious talent.

Madame Arabella Goddard is reported to be no longer a member of the Tietjens tour party in the United States; and, if this be true, we think she has acted prudently in withdrawing. She can now appeal to the American public on her own account, instead of, as it were, holding up the skirts of a *prima donna*.—*Graphic*.

The greatest success at the Paris Opera just now is Mozart's *Don Juan*, with M. Faure as the hero. Who could have believed this twenty years ago? M. Gounod, who has nearly recovered from the effects of an accident which threatened to deprive him of the use of his right arm, was present at the last performance.

The French make more fuss about their dead musicians who have earned fame than any other nation; and yet, while Boieldieu has been fêted over and over again, not only at Rouen, where he was born, but in Paris and elsewhere, it was found difficult to collect the necessary funds for a suitable monument to Auber, who was many Boieldieus in one.

The *Era Almanack* for 1876 has been published by Mr E. Ledger. It contains a second series of autographs of eminent actors and artists, histories of the Princess's and Surrey theatres, a theatrical, musical, and equestrian obituary, original contributions by Mr John Hollingshead, Mr J. L. Toole, and other features of interest, especially to the theatrical profession.

On the afternoon of Bank Holiday a "grand vocal and military concert" was given at the Royal Albert Hall, in which the band of the Coldstream and Scots Fusilier Guards, as well as several well-known and popular vocalists, took part. It was announced as the "National Holiday Festival," and an evening concert was to follow; but there was nothing calling for special remark in the programme.

Sig. Piatti, who has been giving a series of performances in various Italian cities, resumes his post as violoncello at the "Popular Concerts" on Monday, with what eminent advantage to the general well-going of the quartets our musical readers need scarcely be reminded. Mdlle Marie Krebs, the eminent pianist, is also to make her first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts; another welcome advent.

It is said that M. Gounod contemplates a journey to Vienna, for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals of his opera, *Mirville*, which, if gossip may count for anything, has been remodelled expressly for Madame Adelina Patti. Madame Christine Nilsson, too, it is stated, has agreed to play the leading character in the already finished *Psyche* of M. Ambrose Thomas, also in the Austrian capital. We give both reports *sous toutes réserves*.

Herr Hermann Franke, the violinist, has been very successful in Manchester, at Mr De Jong's concerts. Besides undertaking the responsible part of the leading violin in the orchestra Herr Franke has appeared as soloist. The *Manchester Examiner* says that his performance of Vieuxtemps' Fantasia was an attractive feature in Mr De Jong's concert. Herr Franke's playing was admired as much for the individuality of his style as for his brilliant execution.

Lady visitors to concerts are requested not to put up or down their fans during solo performances. According to the *Boston Post*, Dr Hans von Bülow was greatly annoyed during a recent performance by ladies fanning themselves in a *tempo* other than that in which the Doctor was playing. It is fortunate that the conductor of an orchestra has his back to the audience, and is consequently independent of the subtle influence of the fan.—*Orchestra*.

A "subvention" of 93,000 francs has, at the proposal of the Minister of Fine Arts, been voted by a large majority to the Théâtre-Lyrique; so that M. Vizzentini, the new director, will find his path in a great measure smoothed before him.

But recently M. Lecoq was praised, by the Paris journals, for his gradual advance towards legitimate comic opera, at the Folies-Dramatiques, in his *Pompon*; now he is praised by the critics of his last opera, *Le Petite Mariée*, just produced at the Renaissance, for going back to the style (unquestionably) more suited to his genius. This new work is, by general opinion, placed on a level with his *Girofle-Girofla*, and has, it is admitted on all hands, achieved a real success.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Throughout the whole of next week the attractive entertainments at the Alexandra Palace will be continued, including the pantomime, the performances of the Company's band, Mr F. Archer's recital on the grand organ, a novel and interesting exhibition of dolls and dolls' houses, the performance of Romah and the Jackley troupe of acrobats, with a continuous round of equestrian and other entertainments in the circus. On the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th inst, the juvenile bands of the St Pancras School, and those of St Matthew, Bethnal Green, of the North Surrey Schools, and of the parish of St Marylebone will attend daily.

The *Athenæum* states that a very curious and interesting fact has come to light at the British Museum. Among the collection of old plays (presented to that institution by Mr Coventry Patmore in 1864) which formerly belonged to R. Brinsley Sheridan, has been found the *holograph* original of the comedy *The Trip to Bath*, written, in 1749, by Mrs Frances Sheridan, his mother, and which, it is said in Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, was the source of his play of *The Rivals*. A very slight comparison of the two plays leaves no doubt whatever of the fact; and in the character of Mrs Malaprop, Sheridan has actually borrowed some of her amusing blunders from the original "Mrs Tyfort" without any alteration whatever.

Dr Hans von Bülow has been smoothing his path in America at the expense of the old English roads he has left. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to give the Doctor credit for all his hard sayings as chronicled by a New York interviewer; and the English are too used to be maligned by their foreign pets to be either astonished or angry that Bülow is no exception to the general rule. It is amusing to be told that in England English was so unmusically pronounced that the Doctor wouldn't learn it, but in America it is beautiful, and he at once began to study it hard. He could always recognise an American girl by her playing: the English are as soulless as their climate is soulless. Bülow has, however, fallen foul of the American publishers—pirates, he calls them—for resuscitating an old composition of his written in 1853, which the Doctor calls "un péché de jeunesse," and "une méchante pièce d'occasion."—From the "*Orchestra*."

Within the last few days the ladies and gentlemen generally known as "Spiritualists" are understood to have felt very great, and not altogether unnatural, anxiety at certain revelations which have taken place at Liverpool. It seems, according to the *Spiritualist*, which is regarded as the more or less accredited organ of the sect, that Liverpool boasts an institution known as "The Spiritual Centre," in connection with which there also exists a "Liverpool Psychological Society." The proprietor and manager of the Centre recently engaged the services of a certain Mr. Egerton, a well-known professional medium, and the *Spiritualist* very frankly admits that this gentleman's performances ended in what it calls "an *exposé*." This being so, and it being felt that occasion for cavil had been afforded to the enemy, the proprietor of the Centre, with a laudable public spirit, at once secured the assistance of Mr Herne, a gentleman believed to be above suspicion, and of whose "able gifts" and "marvellous mediumistic powers" the *Spiritualist* speaks in high terms.—*Observer*.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The prizes offered by the Alexandra Palace Company for dolls and dolls' houses, in the interesting exhibition which is now being held, have been awarded by the judges, Lady Innes, Mrs Charles Magnay, and Miss Wyld, as follows:—First prizes to Mr Cramer, jun., 210, Regent Street; Mr W. Whiteley, Westbourne Grove; Mr W. Divine, Spiker Street, Bethnel Green; and Mr R. Montanria, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street. Extra prizes have been awarded to Mr Bradley Barnard, St Paul's Road, Highbury, for miniature basinettes; Messrs C. Blaney & Co., King Street, Covent Garden, for dolls' baskets; and to Miss Turnbull, Hornsey Rise, and Miss Clark, Alexandra Palace, for dolls. The collection of miniature dolls exhibited by Mrs Hills, of 79, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, was highly commended, and the same commendation was awarded to Mr F. Heron, of the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, for his display of dolls' furniture, clothes, dinner services, and a miniature theatre. The exhibition will remain on view this and ensuing week, and arrangements have been made for the performance of the juvenile bands daily.

A traveller who has lately visited the grand pyramid of Cheops, says that, taking one hundred city churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would scarcely have the basement of the pyramid. Take another one hundred, and throw the material into the hollow square, and it would not be full; pile on all the bricks and mortar in the City of New York, and the structure would not be so high and solid as this great work of man. [We shall do nothing of the kind.—A. S. S.]

The difficulties attending the proposed Wagnerian performances at Vienna do not seem likely to come to a speedy end. *Tannhäuser*, though by almost unanimous consent well represented, has not answered general expectation. Perhaps *Lohengrin* may thrive better. It seems, however, that these attempts at a wholesale Wagnerising of the public are invariably attended by differences and broils, engendered for the greater part by the irritable master himself. Wagner has not only hurt the *amour propre* of the singers and players, who did their best for his work, but has directly insulted the Viennese press. This, once more, brought down upon him the terrible irony of Edouard Hanalick, a critic of the highest powers, and Wagner's arch-enemy of old. Such exhibitions of antagonism bode ill for the long expected celebration at Bayreuth, to the adequate carrying out of which continual changes are now found indispensable—all, be it understood, to the disparagement of the gigantic undertaking. It is a pity that the "Art-work of the Future" cannot be advocated without so much hubbub.—*Graphic*.

Musical circles in the metropolis have been very much engrossed lately with the extraordinary publicity given in English and American journals to the report of an alleged interview between a New York reporter and Dr Hans Von Bülow. This report is full of sneers at everything musical in England, varied by truthless insults about an eminent critic and the most ungentlemanly attack on Madame Arabella Goddard. Fortunately, Madame Goddard's unique talents are too well known here for Dr Bülow or any other rival pianist to lower her in the eyes of the British public, who will be only too glad to welcome her back to the "Monday Pops," and other concerts at which she was for many years the "bright, particular star"—the greatest pianist England ever produced.—*London Correspondence of the "Liverpool Porcupine."*

During Christmas holiday time, and the beginning of the new year, apart from the customary and always welcome performances of the *Messiah*, not only in London but here, there, and everywhere, our great musical societies usually take a brief repose. Concert-givers, too, of every denomination rest for a time upon their laurels—or, as the old French proverb has it, *reculent pour mieux sauter*. It must be admitted by amateurs that the 1875 half of our winter musical season has been unusually attractive. The Sacred Harmonic Society, in addition to its stock oratorios, gave us *Deborah*; the Alexandra Palace produced *Esther*; and at the Crystal Palace we have had no fewer than twelve comparatively unknown pieces, from ancient and modern sources, six from the pens of English composers—G. A. Macfarren, the late Hugh Pierson, Henry Holmes, W. G. Cusins, C. E. Stephens, and Wingham. Who can say that native musicians can find no home in the Crystal Palace? The twelve ante-Christmas performances in St James's Hall, at Mr Arthur Chappell's Monday and Saturday "Popular Concerts," were as successful as any former series at the same period of the year; and, although only two unknown compositions, in the shape of pianoforte trios by Bargiel and Raff, were brought forward, there was such a varied selection from the works of far greater masters, who, long since gathered to their fathers, have left us countless precious legacies, that every programme offered a special interest. Moreover, Mr A. Chappell has added to his already goodly company of pianists Madame Annette Essipoff, and to his equally strong array of violinists Herr Wilhelmj, both of whom rank justly among the greatest and most accomplished of living executive artists. About Pianoforte Recitals we have said all that for the present is required. More of them will come with the new year, and other artists, besides those we have already heard, to illustrate them. Meanwhile, the annual appearance of the incomparable violinist, Herr Joseph Joachim, is looked forward to with the accustomed interest; scarcely less so is the unexpected return of Madame Clara Schumann, who, happily, has quite recovered the use of her inspired and agile fingers.—*Graphic*.

MILAN.—*Les Vêpres Siciliennes* went off extremely well at the Scala, on the 26th December, the opening night of the season. The principal artists, Signora Mariani, Signori Bolia, Aldighieri, and Maini, were much applauded, and repeatedly called on in the course of the evening. Sig. Faccio conducted. Sig. Manzotti's ballet of *Rolla* was well received, and, if shortened, may attain permanent success. Signorina Virginia Zucchi, the *première danseuse*, contributed largely to the satisfactory result.

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